

THE OHIO REPUBLICANS.

The New York Press comments on the platform of the Ohio Republicans are thus telegraphed: The Herald says: The Republican State Convention met at Cleveland yesterday and, we are glad to say, adopted a platform which, at least, by contrast deserves the support of honest and intelligent men, and which is likely to carry the State for the Republicans, in spite of many disadvantages under which they enter the canvass. The Times editorially praises the Ohio Republicans for their action yesterday. The Tribune says: The Ohio Convention has done worse than it should and better than we hoped. It has not demanded the repeal of the resumption act, has not been lukewarm in its support either of the Southern policy or civil service reform of the President, and has not gone utterly daft on the silver question. All this is better than the many-voiced prophets of evil have for weeks been loudly predicting; but the convention goes far enough about silver. Its proposal for its remonetization, however, is coupled with a clause that coinage must be so regulated as not to place us at a disadvantage with other nations, and this is about all that saves it. The labor plank (which is understood to be Stanley Matthews' contribution) will be regarded with suspicion.

A New York Herald correspondent at Chamouny telegraphs that on Monday General Grant was received by the President of the Cantonal Council of Geneva, and inspected the Town Hall where the Joint High Commission sat during the arbitration of the Alabama claims. The General expressed his gratification at his happy visit to a spot consecrated by the amicable settlement of difficulties between two powerful nations. He said he was especially glad that the adjustment of these international difficulties occurred in a Republic. On Tuesday the General went to Chamouny. On his departure from Geneva a salute of artillery was fired in his honor and the city illuminated. At Pisesse Paintue, on Mont Blanc, a number of Swiss bands gave him a grand serenade, and on Wednesday he visited Mer de Glace and Montevent.

THE MISPLACED SWITCH.—The misplaced switch, to which we alluded yesterday, was at Tule side-track, six miles east of town. The miscreant who did the job evidently understood his work, as he left the target standing erect, to deceive the engineers, who are guided by the signal bar or target as to the position of the tracks. The bolt underneath the upright target, which was secured by a wire key, was withdrawn and the rails pried out of place, so that no train could pass either east or west without being derailed. As the Tule side-track is seldom visited by anybody but railroad men, the second run small risk of being detected. M. Sullivan, Section Foreman, discovered that the switch had been tampered with, and that the track was out of place, just in time to save the eastern bound passenger train from being run off the track, and probably the engineer and fireman, if not several others, from being killed. It is unfortunate that the perpetrators of this cowardly act cannot be detected and punished. —Silver State, 2d.

ONE HUNDRED SCHOOLMANS.—A correspondent of the Gold Hill News, writing from Lake Tahoe says:

For the past month the population at the lake, both permanent and transient, has been excited by the news that 100 schoolmarmen from California were coming to the lake for a few days rest and recreation. They are coming from San Francisco, Sacramento and other parts of the State, it is said, and they are to arrive on the 7th instant—next Tuesday. They will rendezvous first at the Grand Central Hotel, Tahoe City, and afterward they propose camping at McKinney's and other eligible points around the lake. Quite a number of schoolmarmen from Gold Hill and Virginia are already there to meet them and be gallant, and there are more marrying men gathering in at the lake than ever before known of.

EXCHANGE AND BULLION.—The supply of money is in excess of the demand. Call loans to first class borrowers at bank are rated at 8 @ 9 per cent. The savings banks are loaning on city property generally at 9 per cent, though the extremes are 8 @ 12 per cent. The demand for remittance has been active, and over \$7,000,000 was shipped last month, the largest amount, we think, on record. Silver is steady. Trade dollars are again plentiful, gold drafts on Atlantic cities are drawn at 1/2 per cent; currency drafts, 4 1/2 per cent; telegrams, 7 per cent; exchange on London, 40d for 60 day bankers' bills, and 40 1/2 for commercial bills; gold bars 890 @ 910; silver bars, 6 @ 15 per cent; refined silver, 88 1/2 per cent; buying price; trade dollars, 3 3/4 per cent discount; Mexican dollars, 36 3/4 per cent discount; half dollars, 56 5/8 per cent discount. —S. F. Bulletin, August 1st.

ROBBING AN OLD MAN.—On Wednesday last while the flames were raging in the lumber yards, three young hoodlums were seated on the prostrate form of Patrick Dolan, an old gentleman of sixty, on Eolsom street, near Nineteenth, busily engaged in robbing for plunder in Dolan's pocket. They got a watch and chain worth \$40 and some loose change. A youngster supposed to belong to the trio, Augustus Delich, was captured and tried in the Police Court yesterday morning. The complainant could not swear to him, however, and the case was dismissed. —San Francisco Post.

THE MILL.—Owing to the many small details yet to be arranged about the machinery of the Manhattan Mill, nothing can positively be said as to when crushing will be resumed. The management is pursuing the very excellent course of not starting till it gets ready, and then there will be no hitches or set backs. —Reveille.

THE PITTSBURGH RIOTS—REVOLTING SCENES—BRUTALITY OF THE MOB.

A gentleman who happened in Pittsburgh at the time of the riot, gives the following description of the scenes he witnessed: A stranger sight than that at the Union Depot and vicinity at 8 p. m. on Sunday night cannot be imagined—not stranger from the terrible scenes of carnage and rapine than from the general demeanor of the thousands and thousands of spectators crowding around the scenes. The Union Depot smoldered, a mass of ruins; a long line of blazing timbers and iron columns at white heat marked the site of the Adams Express Company's transfer depot and the Pan-handle shops; the elevator and its thousands of bushels of grain still blazed fiercely; riotous crowds of drunken men and women reeled here and there, under loads of stolen merchandise of all sorts; kegs of beer and whiskey were rolled or carried in every direction, the heads knocked out and contents spilled down the throats of the mob, carelessly kicked over, or else set under some car or truck and a torch thrown into them. Here, some drunken brute, tired of his load, would dash a keg of liquor down into the crowd he was passing through; there, a half-crazed woman, with hair tangled and matted, and clothing half gone, would push through the mass of people, carrying in her arms or trailing after her, hundreds of yards of dry goods, torn indiscriminately from a plundered freight car.

Boys, ay, and girls too, of twelve and fifteen years of age, would dodge into the car and out again to the crowd of spectators, offering a silk umbrella, a set of silver-plated harness, a bundle of whips, a box cutlery—anything their hands happened to clutch in the wild scramble—for twenty-five cents. I noticed a boy of probably thirteen years dash into a passenger car, rip open the cushion of a seat, strike a match and touch off the padding. A gentleman beside me cried out, "Hold, there you young scoundrel," and the boy leered up into his face and yelled out, "Go to—h—ll, you," "this is our day," and a policeman muttered behind us, "It's better to let 'em alone; they'll go any length now."

And all this time, through every phase of desperate, reckless crime, the vast concourse of people looked calmly on, with an apathetic indifference that was simply astounding. Hundreds of young and middle-aged men, with ladies on their arms, some of them leading their children, grouped around, standing on anything that would enable them to look over the heads of the crowd in front, and laughing heartily at any funny or ludicrous incident in the terrible scene, as if the whole thing was a gigantic farce or pantomime, provided for their special amusement.

A fine looking, middle-aged man with iron-gray beard, and a martial look generally, mounted a goods box, calmly looked over the scene, got down, lighted his cigar, and coolly remarked: "Well, as the parrot said to the monkey, we're having a hell of a time!" Dr. Slattery showed me an ounce minnie ball, remarking, "I cut that from the shattered thigh-bones of Charles White, and came near having to cut one from myself. See," holding up the lappet of his Prince Albert, through which a musket ball had torn a rent. A dead man was carried through the crowd on Liberty street, and a bear-eyed woman brutally remarked, "He's got enough of it, anyhow." All sensibility and human feeling seemed dead, and not until the mob carried their atrocities to their extreme length, and burned everything from Thirty-third street to the East end of the Pan-handle tunnel, and threatened to go on and destroy the railroad bridge, did the alarm of the people take shape in any definite action toward opposing the sway of the mob. With cooler thoughts came a great revulsion of feeling, the men who yesterday rather sided with the rioters, to-day bitterly denounce their work. But the feeling comes too late, and not to the disapprobation or opposition of the people generally can be accredited the final cessation of plunder and arson. The mob only ceased when their atrocities palled upon them, and their utter abandon had tired them.

A dirty ragged ruffian, that last week begged or stole his way through the country, yesterday would raise the sensational yell, "Bread or blood, we cannot starve!" and at the same instant applying the torch to a thousand pounds of flour or meat.

The people generally place credence in the statement of the strikers that not they, but the roughs and tramps of the two city are responsible for the fearful havoc.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.—Nowadays the aspirant for office takes exceeding pains to render himself agreeable, and is so good-natured and obliging that people wonder how it is that he can ever be otherwise. In his anxiety to please he occasionally gets into a tight place, as did one yesterday, for instance. He was introduced to a gentleman from the country, whom he knew to be possessed of not a little influence in his neighborhood, and for this reason he desired to appear to good advantage, hoping that he would be rewarded therefor on election day. In the course of conversation the Granger spoke of some of his neighbors, and inquired, "Do you know —, who lives on the Costumes?" "Oh yes, indeed," responded the office-seeker, who didn't know him from Adam, but thought he could make a point by claiming acquaintanceship; "I know him well and can call him my personal friend." "Well," the countryman went on, "I think he's a rascal!" "I guess you're right," replied the candidate, equal to the emergency. —Sacramento Record-Union.

A correspondent of the Ward Reflex writes as follows from Osceola: The ore from the Golden Eagle, leased by Messrs. Wagner and Peck, and on which the mill is now running, works up to \$30 per ton in gold, with any quantity of ore in sight, and the prospects improving as they further develop the mine. As to the working capacity of the little engine, you have been misinformed; it has, instead of being worn out as asserted, nobly done its work, the mill crushing, as Mr. Wagner informs me, eight and a half tons in 24 hours.

The Sacramento Bee of Wednesday prints the following: The following "o'er true" tale may be remembered by old Californians: Governor Weller of California was once unfortunately enough to be caught in a shipwreck. Arriving at San Francisco, he was asked by a sympathizing friend if he had lost much. "Lost everything, sir," said Weller, everything but my reputation." "Governor," said the friend, "you travel with less baggage than any one I ever saw."

THE SODA SPRINGS.—Adjacent to Lake Tahoe and situated in the midst of the most enchanting of the scenery which surrounds that incomparable body of water, are the Soda Springs, a natural flow of mineral water possessed of remarkable medicinal properties and particular curative powers in certain cases of bodily disorder. The springs are 7 miles from the southern margin of the lake, and are reached by carriages which ply regularly over a good road, carrying passengers for a small sum. Close to the springs is Tallac Peak, which is 10,300 feet high. The scene presented from this lofty eminence is said to be unequalled by any on the coast, save that which is spread before the observer on the summit of St. Elias. Recently one of the Professors Le Conte of California climbed Mount Tallac and pronounced it an opportunity for gazing on a beautiful nature rarely offered in any country. The water of the springs contains sulphur, magnesia, peroxide of iron, bicarbonate of lime, soda, etc. It is proposed to introduce it in this market as a palatable beverage and remedial agent. The springs are owned by Mr. N. Gilmore. —Virginia Footlight.

The Army and Navy Journal says: "The recent fight between the Peruvian Huascar and the English vessels, in the Pacific ocean, was not between ironclads, but between ironclads and iron framed vessels cased with wood. The Journal regards the engagement as confirmatory of Farragut's theory that wooden vessels in battle with armored ships should get close up and fight hard. Their shot do damage through the port holes of the ironclad, while at short range the shot of the latter pass through the wooden vessel and exploded beyond." The English officers who fought the Huascar say that their success—their salvation even—in the fight was due solely in the wild shooting of the Peruvians; that a single shot in their hull from the ram would have destroyed them. It was not much of a fight at all, and did not decide anything except, that the crew of the Peruvian craft needed some careful exercise in gunnery before going into any more battles.

BUSINESS LIKE.—The Carson Valley News makes the following statement to its readers:

Another change becomes necessary. The unprecedented and therefore unexpected depression in all branches of business, and especially the distressing scarcity of coin in this vicinity, has affected our little business proportionately with others—so much so, that we are no longer warranted in printing a semi-weekly edition. Rather than attempt what our business will not justify and thereby become involved in debt, and perhaps in the end be obliged to close up shop, we prefer to fall back again to a weekly. We hope that under the existing circumstances our patrons will approve our course. The change will not take place until the issue of August 14th.

The Improved Red Men of Nevada in Great Council held in Gold Hill, yesterday, elected the following officers. It will be seen that Farmer Treadway is Great Keeper of Wampum:

Great Scheme, T. Durmas, of Apache Tribe No. 6; Great Senior Sagamore, William Kierski of Pochahontas Tribe No. 2; Great Junior Sagamore, J. B. Eckman of Apache Tribe No. 6; Great Chief of Records, J. G. Farrington; Great Keeper of Wampum: A. D. Treadway; Great Representative of the United States, Great Council, Alex. Lepert; Great Prophet, P. G. S. Alchorn.

Two small boys on Wednesday packed up their little all and set out for parts unknown, or, as one little fellow about seven years of age said, "anywhere to get out of sight of my father." About 6 o'clock in the afternoon one of the little fellows was seen slowly marching ahead of his father and mother. He was plucky, although defeated in his purpose, and as he opened the back gate and walked in with a full anticipation of a good flogging, one could not discover a repentant look or a cowed spirit, but he seemed stolidly indifferent and resolved to take (we do not know that he received it) a whipping with as good grace, as Tom Sawyer did for Becky Thatcher. —White Pine News.

A SCENE IN THE CITY PRISON.—Two girls, who are in the City Prison booked for the Magdalen Asylum for a few moments yesterday, made that "dirty and foul receptacle of criminals" resound with the well loved song, "Yes, we'll gather at the river." The gang of hoodlums in the adjoining cell joined in the chorus, and the character of the place seemed changed. But when the handcuffs were about to be put on the wrists of a prisoner who felt his disgrace so much that sob broke from him, the girls changed the order of exercises from singing hymns to reviling the man who was not hardened enough to take prison life philosophically. —S. F. Bulletin.

BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN.—Last evening there was a flutter at the depot over the departure of twenty-five young ladies for Bishop Whittaker's school at Reno. Their presence at the depot when the 5 o'clock train went out was marked by the appearance of a number of sad sweethearts, fond mothers and doting fathers, who bade them affectionate farewells. When the train moved off there was a flutter of hearts and handkerchiefs all along the line. The young ladies were all in good spirits and went down in charge of the Bishop. Several others joined the party at Gold Hill. —G. H. News, 2d.

London, August 3.—London is wild over the belief that the Russians have been decisively defeated on both banks, and the campaign substantially ended for the present season in favor of the Turks. There is no doubt that the Russians north of the Balkans have met with great reverses, endangering the entire movement. South of the Balkans the Russian prospect is gloomy. This has been a week of continuous bloody fighting on both sides of the Balkans.

CELESTIAL SKY-ROCKETS.—Meteors after meteors, one following the other in quick succession, shot across the sky about ten o'clock last night. A gentleman who was holding up an awning post to prevent the awning from tumbling down and hurting somebody, was much interested in the display, and in an address to himself said: "This yer migs'drunk biz'n's won't do; Fer'in goin' t'ee starsh like this, er'll have ter con-vine myself ter wizhly strade." —Reveille.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ON ACCOUNT OF SPECIAL REASONS
We are Selling Out at Cost.

Our Entire Stock
MUST BE SOLD IN 90 DAYS!

It requires only a call to be convinced that we are selling goods cheaper than any firm in Carson City.

Following are some of our special prices:

Calicoes, Eighteen Yards for \$1

DOMESTIC GINGHAMS.....8 yards for \$1

LONSDALE MUSLIN.....8 yards for \$1

WHITEROCK MUSLIN.....8 yards for \$1

GRASSCLOTH.....8 yards for \$1

CANTON FLANNELS.....8 yards for \$1

And All Goods Accordingly.

PLEASE CALL EARLY AND BE CONVINCED

OLCOVICH BROS.

Carson City, August 1, 1877.

L. MORRIS & CO.

TO THE FRONT.

HAVING RECEIVED AN IMMENSE

STOCK OF

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods

From the East, which were bought there during the late financial crisis, we propose to give our customers the benefit of it.

18 yards Calico for \$1.00

10 yards Bleached Muslin for \$1.00

10 yards Canton Flannel for \$1.00

10 yards Grasscloth for \$1.00

4 pairs Ladies White Hose..... 50

3 pairs Ladies Striped Hose..... 50

And Everything in Proportion.

L. MORRIS & CO.

Carson, August 1, 1877.

Closing Out Sale

—OR—

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS,

CARPETS, ETC.

MRS. J. SHEYER & CO.,

HAVING DETERMINED TO RETIRE

from business, are offering their Entire Stock regardless of Cost.

All Goods Must be Disposed of

In the shortest possible time, for Cash,

And at Bargains Never Before Heard of.

All persons indebted to the above firm are requested to make immediate settlement, otherwise collection will be enforced.

MRS. J. SHEYER & CO.

Carson, July 27, 1877. Im

BILLIARD TABLE FOR SALE.

AT RATHBONE'S EXCHANGE

Carson street, Carson City,

May be seen a 5x10 Billiard Table, made by

STRABLE & CO., OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Furnished with

DeLaney's Patent Cushions and Slate Bed.

This table cost \$400. It will be sold for \$250.

It is in perfect repair and is comparatively new. Persons desiring a billiard table, and a good bargain, are invited to take a look at this one.

FRED RATHBONE,

Carson, July 27, 1877. Im

Virginia Evening Chronicle copy one week.

GRAND PICNIC

—OR THE—

VIRGINIA, GOLD HILL, AND CARSON

TURN-VEREIN.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5, 1877,

AT TREADWAY'S PARK, CARSON.

ENTRANCE TO THE PARK 50 CENTS

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Geo. W. Kitzmeyer, M. Fischer,

Geo. Tully, John Wagner.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR SALE BY THE COMMITTEE.

157d

\$100 REWARD

Will be paid for the detection and arrest of the dastardly miscreant who drove a sharp iron bar into the Carson Water Company's water main, in Nevess' field, thereby robbing the company and the town.

CARSON WATER COMPANY

Carson City, July 21st, 1877.

MASON & CO.,

IN CORBETT BLOCK,

NORTH CARSON STREET,

CARSON CITY, NEVADA.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES,

Provisions,

Crockery,

Glassware,

Tinware,

Canned Fruits,

Butter,

Lard,

Grain,

Coal Oil

AND ALL ARTICLES USUALLY KEPT

—OR—

FIRST CLASS STORE

Of the kind of mercantile business in which they are engaged.

Orders taken and Goods delivered

TO ANY PART OF THE CITY FREE OF CHARGE

Carson, May 5, 1876.

MASON & CO.

EXCHANGE CHOPHOUSE

—AND—
OYSTER SALOON.

M. CLECOVICH, PROPRIETOR.
Northeast corner of Carson and Second streets, opposite O'Leary House, Carson City, Nevada.

THIS WELL KNOWN AND LONG ESTABLISHED OYSTER SALOON, has been open from 5 o'clock, a. m. to 12 o'clock, p. m. The cooking and all the facilities are unsurpassed by any establishment of the kind, here or elsewhere.

Orders will receive prompt attention.
Mr. Clecovich will superintend personally.
July 7, 1877.

KAISER'S
FAMILY RESTAURANT,

CORNER OF

Carson and Telegraph streets, Carson City.

HAVING FITTED UP
Restaurant rooms at the above named place, I am prepared to accommodate my customers and guests generally.

Carson, July 20, 1877.

J. IVANCOVICH,

DEALER IN

Groceries, Eggs, Oranges, Lemons, Fresh and Dried Fruit.

Pineapples, Apples, Bananas, Currants, Grapes, Lemons, Melons, Peaches, Potatoes, Raisins, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Spices, etc.

Fresh Ranch Butter, Tobacco, Cigars,

Etc., etc., etc.

PLACE OF BUSINESS:

No. 3, South Carson street, opposite the

Capitol, Carson City, Nev.

myself J. IVANCOVICH

GEORGE PERASICH,

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

FRESH FRUITS, VEGETABLES, CONFECTIONS, ETC.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ON HAND

and is daily receiving the

Choicest Fruits, Freshest Vegetables, Best of

Confections, Choice Havana Cigars,

Poultry, Ranch Eggs, Etc.

N. B.—Orders promptly filled and delivered as per

directions. Carson street, next to Thatcher's saloon.

FELIX H. MERZBACH,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

AND AGENT FOR THE

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, AND Hallet

& DAVIS PIANOS.

Office at J. G. FOX'S, Carson City. Jan 20/88